



WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

"Patience; or, Bunthorne's Bride," written by W. S. Gilbert and composed by Arthur Sullivan, is the Castle Square attraction at Music Hall next week. The original play-bill called it "an entirely new and original aesthetic opera in two acts."

It was first produced at the Opera Comique, London, on Saturday, April 22, 1881, under the direction of Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte. The first stage manager to take the opera into the English provinces after the Opera Comique run, was Edward P. Temple, Esq., who now again has charge of what will be a sumptuous production in St. Louis the coming week. At this late day it is superfluous to call attention to the fact that W. S. Gilbert was the leading English comic opera librettist. A literary discussion, somehow, seems out of place in the consideration of opera. But the fact remains that it was Gilbert, the versifier, rather than Sullivan, the tonal rhythm, that has received the greater meed of praise in the judgment of their joint-laborers.

"Patience" is singularly rich in poetic gems. Among them in the first line is Colonel Caverly's celebrated sonnet: "When I first put this uniform on." This is the way it runs:

When I first put this uniform on,
I said as I looked in the glass,
"It's one to a million
That any civilian
My figure and form will surpass.
Gold lace has a charm for the fair,
And I've plenty of that and to spare,
While a lover's professions
When uttered in Hesitant,
Are eloquent everywhere!"
A fact that I counted upon,
When I first put this uniform on,
By a simple coincidence, few
Could have reckoned upon,
The same thing occurred to me, too,
When I first put this uniform on.

Another that achieved instant success, and is a fine example of the intimate union of words and notes, is the celebrated duet between Patience, the dysmold, and Archibald Grosvenor, the idle poet. You can hardly read it without singing a melody to it, even if you never heard it sung before. Here is the text as Gilbert wrote it:

GROSVENOR.
Prithia, pretty maiden—prithia tell me true,
O'er but I'm doleful, willow willow waly?
Save you'er a love's adoring after you?
Hey willow waly O!
I would fain discover
If you have a lover!
Hey willow waly O!
PATIENCE.
Gentle sir, my heart is frolicsome and free—
(Hey but he's doleful, willow willow waly?)
Nobody I care for comes courting me—
Hey willow waly O!
Nobody I care for
Come a courting, therefore,
Hey willow waly O!

GROSVENOR.
Prithia, pretty maiden, will you marry me?
(Gee but I'm doleful, willow willow waly?)
I may say at once, I'm a man of proper tone—
Hey willow waly O!
Moor, I despise it,
But many people prize it,
Hey willow waly O!

PATIENCE.
Gentle sir, although to marry I design—
(Gee but he's doleful, willow willow waly?)
As yet I do not know you, and so I must decline.
Hey willow waly O!
To other maidens so you
As yet I do not know you.
Hey willow waly O!

A song that suggests the lament of Kallisto, in the "Mikado," being along the same lines, yet quite different, is the Lady Jane's, in which she deplores the ravages of time on feminine beauty. It stands alone in its neat satire, its comic woe and its terse description.

Jane laments in the sublimed meter:
Jane's Son.
Sad is that woman's lot, year by year,
Seen, one by one, her beauties disappear;
When Time, grown weary of her heart-drawn sighs,
Impatiently begins to "dim her eyes!"
Compelled at last, in life's uncertain gloomings
To wrangle her wrinkled brow with well-saved "comings."

Redoubt with rump, lip-lace, and pearly grey,
To "make up" for lost time, as best she may!
Silver'd is the raven hair—
Spreading in the parting straight,
Mottled the complexion fair,
Hair—the youthful fair,
Hollow is the laughter free,
Spectacled the limpid eye,
Little will be left of me,
In the coming by-and-by!

Little will be left of me
In the coming by-and-by.
Fading is the taper waist—
Shapeless grows the shapely limb,
And, although securely lazed,
Spreading is the figure trim!
Bustier than I need to be,
Still more corpulent grow I—
There will be too much of me
In the coming by-and-by.

Jane's song begins act II. Here follows the Chorus of Maidens, in which those interesting young persons pursue the hapless Grosvenor. They come on in groups of two, each playing on an archaic instrument. The maidens discover Grosvenor abstractedly reading his own poetry, and they sing:

Chorus of Maidens.
Turn, oh turn, in this direction,
Shed, oh shed, a gracie smile;
With a glance of sad perfection,
Our poor fainting hearts beguile!
On such eyes as maidens cherish
Let thy fond address gaze,
Or incontinently perish,
In their all-consuming raze!
Or incontinently perish,
In their all-consuming raze!

GROSVENOR. (Aside). The old, old tale! How rapturously these maidens love me, and how hopelessly! Oh Patience, Patience! with the love of thee in my heart, what have I for these poor mad maidens but an unvalued pity? Alas! they will die of hopeless love for me, and I shall die of hopeless love for thee!

ANG. Sir, will it please you to read to us? GROSVENOR. (Sighing). Yes, child, if you will. What shall I read?

ANG. One of your own poems.

GROSVENOR. One of my own poems? Better not, my child. They will not cure thee of thy love.

OLD "PATIENCE" SONGS RECALLED BY AN OPERA REVIVAL.

ONE OF THE GILBERT AND SULLIVAN SUCCESSES OF THE EARLY EIGHTIES WITH A NOTABLE CAST.



GOLD LACE HAS CHARM FOR THE FAIR, AND HAVE PLINY OF THAT AND TO SPARE.



WITH THEIR HEARTFELT SYMPATHY.



Or split plum jam on her nice new frock,
Or put white mice in the night-day clock,
Or vivified her last new doll,
Or fastened a passion for alcohol;
And when she grew up she was given in marriage



To a first-class Earl, who keeps his carriage.
GROSVENOR. I believe I am right in saying that there is not one word in that decalet which is calculated to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of modesty."



ANG. Not one: it is purity itself. GROSVENOR. Here's another.

Trusting Tom was a very bad boy:
A great big squirt was his favorite toy;
He put live shrimps in his father's boots,
And sewed up the sleeves of his Sunday suit;
He punched his poor little sister's head,
And caused her to spend the four-post bed;
He plastered his hair with cobbler's wax,
And dropped hot half-pennies down their backs.
The consequence was, he was lost totally,
And married a girl in the corps de ballet!

ANG. Marked you how grandly, how relentlessly, the dancing catalogue of crime strode on, till Retribution, like a poised hawk, came swooping down on the wrong-doer? Oh, it was terrible.

GROSVENOR. (aside). This is simply cloying. (Aloud). Ladies, I am sorry to appear ungallant, but you have been following me about ever since Monday, and this is Saturday. I should like the usual half-holiday, and if you will kindly allow me to close early to-day, I shall take it as a personal favor.

ELIA. Sir, you are indeed a poet, for you touch our hearts, and they go out to you. GROSVENOR. (aside). Poor, poor girl! (Aloud). It is best to speak plainly. I know that I am loved by you, but I never can love you in return, for my heart is fixed elsewhere! Remember the fable of the Magnet and the Churn.

ANG. (wildly). But we don't know the fable of the Magnet and the Churn! GROSVENOR. Don't you? Then I will sing it to you.

The Magnet and the Churn.
A magnet hung in a hardware shop,
From needles and nails and knives he'd turn,
And all around was a loving crop
Of scissors and needles, nails and knives,
Offering love for all their lives;
But for iron the magnet felt no whim.
"Thy' he charmed iron, it charmed not him.
From needles and nails and knives he'd turn,
For he'd set his heart on the Silver Churn!
A Silver Churn! A Silver Churn!
His most aesthetic,
Very magnetic,
Fancy took this turn—
"If I can wheedle
A knife or a needle,
Why not a Silver Churn?"

And Iron and Steel expressed surprise,
The needles opened their well-filled eyes,
The pen-knives felt shut up no doubt,
The scissors declared themselves "cut out."
The kettle they boiled with rage, "tis said,
While every nail went off its head,
And hither and thither began to roam,
Till a hammer came up and drove them home.
It drove them home?
It drove them home,
While this magnetic,
Pen-knive-to-the
Lover, he lived to learn,
By no endeavor
Can magnet ever
Attract a Silver Churn.

The cast for the revival this week runs as follows: William Paul, William H. Clarke, Joseph F. Sheehan, Frank Moulan, Miro Delamotta, Maud Lambert, Josephine Ludwig, Maud Ramey, Frances Graham and Adelaide Norwood.

THE HARD-LUCK STORY OF A COMIC OPERA STAR.

A Memoir by Marguerita Sylva, in Which She Tells of Some of the Troubles Which May Beset an Ambitious Young Person.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

O YOU want me to tell you a hard-luck story? Very well. Of course, it isn't a story that is altogether different from those which others may tell, but it has variations that may be of interest. And it is just beginning to get far enough back into the past for me to approach the telling of it without a wee shudder.

My hard luck was not a prelude to my professional stage career; it was rather in the nature of an interpolation—and at times I have chosen to consider it an imprudent interpolation. If I had found no difficulties greater than those which interposed themselves between me and my professional debut, I should have no scrawly pages of hard luck in my mental memoirs to turn back to and laugh at, as Time whisks me farther and farther away from the period during which they were being laboriously written.

Her First Struggle With an English Text.

At this time I could only speak French and German; but I learned the English words of the part. And, ah! how I learned them! The pronunciations were drilled into me by a friend, and, although I spoke the words of the text, I only knew their general meaning.

Expected to Find a Diamond in a Bouquet.

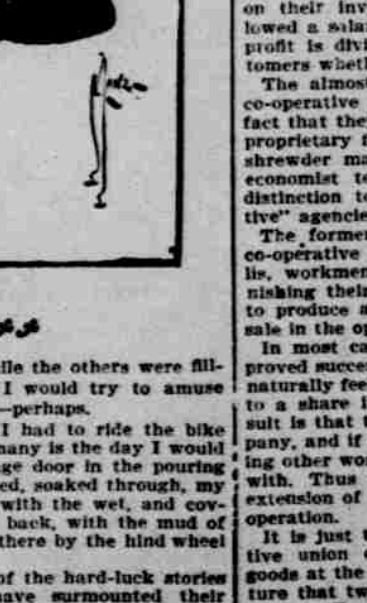
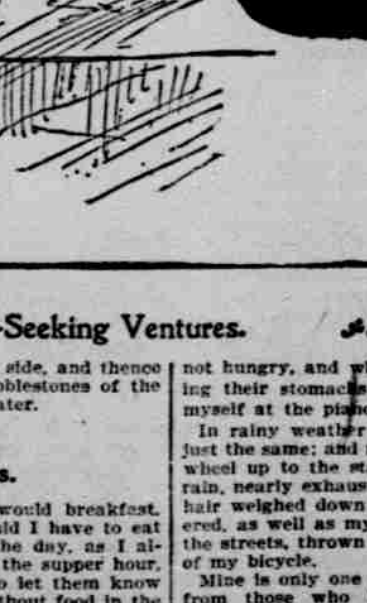
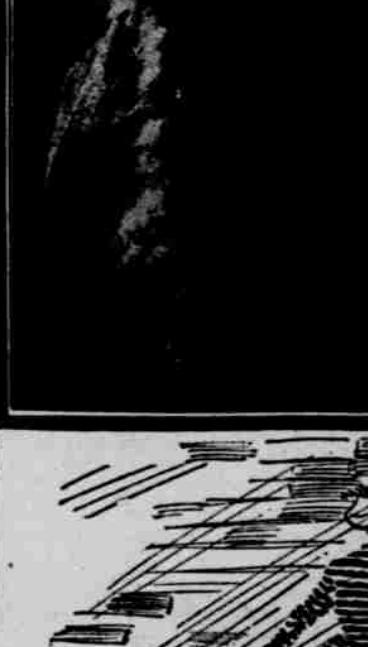
It is amusing—now—to think how green I was then! I was as green as I fore to place every flower in the bouquet which was sent to me to find the diamond which I had read in books, was always secreted there for the debutante on the stage!

The death of Sir Augustus Harris necessitated my looking elsewhere for an engagement. I was next cast for the part of the adventuress by Beerbohm Tree, the English actor, in his play, "The Seats of the Mighty." As the part was that of a French woman, and the lines were written to be spoken in French, I had easy sailing.

When that actor's company came to America I accompanied it. In Mr. Tree's repertoire, the only part I played, on account of my inability to speak English, was the one about mentioned. The only other use he could put me to was in "Trilby," during which I sang Ben Bolt behind the scenes.

I think Mr. Tree kept me in his company solely for his own personal amusement. He used to go into convulsions of laughter over my French. I could never twist my tongue to pronounce the word "twist" in any other way than "twist," or "twist" except as "twist."

Mr. Tree used to give me private lessons. He saw that I was very anxious to speak good English, but that did not prevent his hearty enjoyment of my mispronunciations.



Marguerita Sylva, With a Pen-and-Ink Story of Her Stage-Seeking Ventures.

Possibly he may have been studying my dialect for future use.

Weary Tramps in Search of an Engagement.

After Mr. Tree closed his American tour three years ago, I decided to remain.

But my imperfect knowledge of the language caused me to be turned down by every manager to whom I applied. I walked miles and miles, covering the distance from one manager's office to another without encouragement, and was finally reduced to the desperate straits of a young girl alone in a strange country without friends or prospects. I do not know what I should have done had it not been for a family who lived in the country on Long Island. They

had known my father, and I lived with these good people, who had a blind confidence that some day I would shine.

Finally I was offered the title role in "The French Maid" at the Herald Square Theater. Rehearsals were called every day for six weeks, beginning at 10 in the morning and lasting sometimes until midnight.

The home of the family with whom I lived was ten miles from Brooklyn Bridge, on Long Island, and I did not have a penny with which to pay railroad fares to and from the city. The manager gave me a book of tickets entitling me to a month's daily rides on the railroad.

But the theater was miles from the bridge, and I would not ask my benefactors for money with which to pay car fare. I had a bicycle, however, and daily rode on

the trail to the New York side, and thence on my wheel over the cobblestones of the crowded streets to the theater.

One Meal a Day and Long Bicycle Journeys.

Before leaving home I would breakfast, but not another thing would I have to eat during the remainder of the day, as I always returned home after the supper hour, and felt a bit too proud to let them know that I had gone all day without food in the city.

Nor would I accept the invitations of my companions to luncheon; for I felt that an acceptance would call for a return on my part. With hunger consuming me I would

amblingly and carelessly insist that I was

not hungry, and while the others were filling their stomachs I would try to amuse myself at the piano—perhaps.

In rainy weather I had to ride the bike just the same, and in the day I would wheel up to the stage door in the pouring rain, nearly exhausted, soaked through, my hair weighed down with the wet, and covered, as well as my back, with the mud of the streets, thrown there by the hind wheel of my bicycle.

Mine is only one of the hard-luck stories from those who have surmounted their troubles, but it is no worse than the experience of thousands of others who will never tell them as long as they are still trying to keep up a brave front.

But it is a tiny bit interesting, don't you think?

MARGUERITA SYLVA.

Co-operative Store,

Based on an English Plan, May Soon Be

Established in St. Louis.

The Intention Is to Divide the Net Profits Between the Customers of the Concern.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

A MEETING is to be called in Reform Hall to consider plans for the opening in St. Louis of a store to be operated along the lines of the Rochdale co-operative stores in England.

These have been an eminent success abroad and have spread to all parts of the British Empire. Even in California stores of this character have been in operation for several years, and similar institutions have thriven lately in other parts of the United States.

In Missouri rural stores somewhat like the old Farmers' Wheel stores are quite common, and in some cases proprietary groceries have been converted by the owners voluntarily into institutions managed on a co-operative basis, the former owner becoming business manager at a fixed salary.

A general store of this character is that at Oermann, a hamlet twelve miles south of Catawissa, in Jefferson County, and but forty miles from this city. The former proprietor, Charles Oermann, permitted all who wished so to do to invest what money they desired in the store as a joint stock company. All the shareholders, himself included, receive 6 per cent interest on their investment. The manager is allowed a salary of \$30 a month, and the net profit is divided pro rata among the customers whether they own stock or not.

The almost universal failure hitherto of co-operative ventures is attributed to the fact that they entered into competition with proprietary firms which were conducted by shrewd managers. They were what economists term "productive" in contrast to "consumptive" or "distributive" agencies.

The former was most successful in the co-operative cooperative co-ops of Minneapolis, workers combining together and furnishing their own capital and management to produce an article which they offer for sale in the open market.

In most cases where such schemes have proved successful the charter members very naturally felt loath to admit others later on to a share in their good fortune. The result is that they became a joint stock company, and if they expand they do so by hiring other workmen which they do not share with. Thus self-interest is opposed to the extension of this principle of productive co-operation.

It is just the other way in the co-operative union of consumers to obtain their goods at the least cost. It was such a venture that twenty-eight mechanics at Rochdale, in England, made in 1844. The principle is to combine in starting a store where all the members agree to purchase supplies of a certain sort. It is palpably to their interest to win as many outsiders to their cause as possible.